THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE;

PART FIRST.

G.R. III.
BRITISH MUSEUM

239 e 38

THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE;

WITH OTHER

POEMS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE FOURTH EDITION,
Corrected and Enlarged.

GLASGOW:

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1800.

G.R. III.
BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

Edinburgh, April 13. 1799.

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ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with a compariſon between the beauty of remote objects in a landſcape, and thoſe ideal ſcenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate.—The influence of anticipation upon the other paſſions is next delineated. An alluſion is made to the well known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind.—The conſolations of this paſſion in ſituations of danger and diſtreſs.—The ſeaman on his midnight watch.—The ſoldier marching into battle.—Alluſion to the intereſting adventures of Byron.

The inſpiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of ſcience, or of taſte.—Domeſtic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happineſs.—Picture of a mother watch-

ing her infant when aſleep.—Pictures of the priſoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the conſolations of individual miſery, a tranſition is made to proſpects of political improvement in the future ſtate of ſociety.—The wide field that is yet open for the progreſs of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations.—From theſe views of amelioration of ſociety, and the extenſion of liberty and truth over deſpotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contraſt of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conſpicuous in their ſtruggles for independence.—Deſcription of the capture of Warſaw, of the laſt conteſt of the oppreſſors and the oppreſſed, and the maſſacre of the Poliſh Patriots at the bridge of Prague.—Apoſtrophe to the ſelf-intereſted enemies of human improvement.—The wrongs of Africa.—The barbarous policy of Europeans in India.—Prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected deſcent of the Deity, to redreſs the miſeries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of juſtice and mercy.

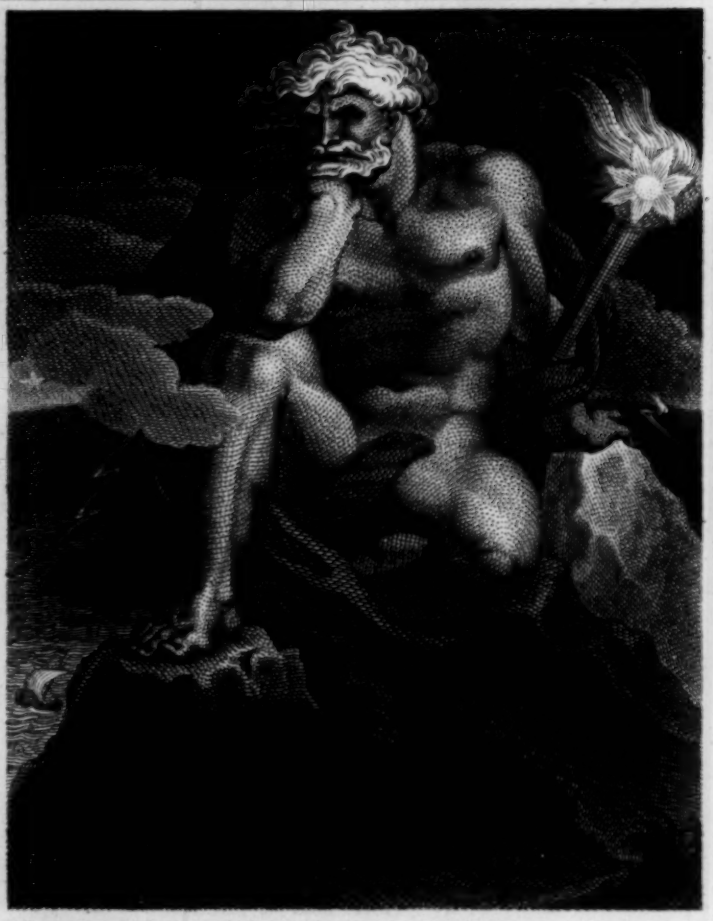
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

AT ſummer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the muſing eye,
Whoſe ſunbright ſummit mingles with the ſky?
Why do thoſe cliffs of ſhadowy tint appear
More ſweet than all the landſcape ſmiling near?—
'Tis Diſtance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to ſurvey
The promis'd joys of life's unmeaſur'd way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-diſcover'd ſcene
More pleaſing ſeems than all the paſt hath been;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent ſpirit guides the raptur'd eye
To pierce the ſhades of dim futurity?
Can Wiſdom lend, with all her heav'nly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! ſhe darkly ſees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a ſpan;
Or, if ſhe hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictur'd too ſeverely true.



Burney del. Neagle Sc.

Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Published as the Act directs by Longman & Rees, London, 1st July, 1800.

With thee, ſweet Hope! reſides the heav'nly light,
That pours remoteſt rapture on the ſight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each ſlumb'ring paſſion into play.
Wak'd by thy touch, I ſee the ſiſter band,
On tiptoe watching, ſtart at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them ſteer,
To Pleaſure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muſes ſay,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their firſt decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant ſtars to earth below;
When Murder bar'd his arm, and rampant War
Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car;

When Peace and Mercy, baniſh'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewleſs winds to Heav'n again;
All, all forſook the friendleſs guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd ſtill behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height to ſweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a ſacred gift to man.

Auſpicious Hope! in thy ſweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
Won by their ſweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim ſeeks thy ſummer bower;
There, as the wild-bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid ſpirits bring!

Burney del. Neagle Sc.

When Murder bar'd her arm & rampant War
Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car;
When peace & mercy banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again.

Published as the Act directs by Longman & Rees, London, 1st July, 1900.

What viewleſs forms th' Æolian organ play,
And ſweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliеſt bounds, and Ocean's wildeſt ſhore.
Lo! to the wint'ry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the weſtern ſtar,
With meteor ſtandard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he ſweeps, where ſcarce a ſummer ſmiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked iſles;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From waſtes that ſlumber in eternal ſnow;

And waft, acroſs the waves tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaſka's ſhore.

Poor child of danger, nurſling of the ſtorm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the ſhatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is ſad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And ſing to charm the ſpirit of the deep:
Swift as yon ſtreamer lights the ſtarry pole,
Her viſions warm the watchman's penſive ſoul.
His native hills that riſe in happier climes,
The grot that heard his ſong of other times,
His cottage-home, his bark of ſlender ſail,
His glaſſy lake, and broomwood bloſſom'd vale,

Ruſh on his thought; he ſweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd ſhore he ſigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each ſtep a friend's familiar face,
And flies at laſt to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-ſpeaking tear,
And claſps, with many a ſigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length careſs'd,
His faithful dog ſalutes the ſmiling gueſt,
Points to the maſter's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wiſtful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkeſt hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On ſtormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,

When front to front the banner'd hoſts combine,
Halt ere they cloſe, and form the dreadful line.
When all is ſtill on Death's devoted ſoil,
The march-worn ſoldier mingles for the toil;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntleſs brow, and ſpirit-ſpeaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy ſtormy muſic in the drum!

And ſuch thy ſtrength-inſpiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native ſhore— [1]
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempeſts ſweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudeſt ſhock,
Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock,

To wake each joyleſs morn, and ſearch again
The famiſh'd haunts of ſolitary men;
Whoſe race, unyielding as their native ſtorm,
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar purſued,
Pale, but intrepid, ſad, but unſubdued,
Pierc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar,
The moon's pale planet and the northern ſtar;
Paus'd at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the ſhore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff ſublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to reſt, a ſhelter to defend,
Peace and repoſe, a Briton and a friend! [2]

Congenial Hope! thy paſſion-kindling power,
How bright, how ſtrong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I ſee thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, Child of Heaven! (thy winged words proclaim)
'Tis thine to ſearch the boundleſs fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, Prieſt of Nature, ſhines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry ſtar!
Wilt thou, with him, myſterious rites apply,
And watch the ſhrine with wonder-beaming eye?
Yes, thou ſhalt mark, with magic art profound,
The ſpeed of light, the circling march of ſound;
With Franklin graſp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another ſtring. [3]

" The Swediſh ſage admires, in yonder bow'rs, [4]
His winged inſects, and his roſy flow'rs;
Calls from their woodland haunts the ſavage train
With ſounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'rers came
To Eden's ſhade, and heard their various name.

" Far from the world, in yon ſequeſter'd clime,
Slow paſs the ſons of Wiſdom, more ſublime;
Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his ſapient eye
The lov'd Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato on his ſpotleſs page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father ſage:
' Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal ſpan
The fire of God, th' immortal ſoul of man?"

" Turn, Child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wiſdom's walks, the ſacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright ſpires that gild the Delphian height,
From ſtreams that wander in eternal light,
Rang'd on their hill, Harmonia's daughters ſwell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and ſhell;
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow,[5]
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

" Belov'd of Heav'n! the ſmiling muſe ſhall ſhed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall ſwell thy heart to rapture unconfin'd,
And breathe a holy madneſs o'er thy mind.
I ſee thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
And talk with ſpirits on the midnight heath;

Inquire of guilty wand'rers whence they came,
And aſk each blood-ſtain'd form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verſe the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

" When Venus, thron'd in clouds of roſy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the veſper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddeſs ſhall recall,
And ſoft as dew thy tones of muſic fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictur'd ſmiles impart
A pang more dear than pleaſure to the heart—
Warm as thy ſighs ſhall flow the Leſbian ſtrain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

" Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more ſacred deem,
And ſteep thy ſong in Mercy's mellow ſtream;
To penſive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her ſmile;—
On Nature's throbbing anguiſh pour relief,
And teach impaſſion'd ſouls the Joy of Grief?

" Yes; to thy tongue ſhall ſeraph words be giv'n,
And pow'r on earth to plead the cauſe of Heav'n;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of ſtone,
That never mus'd on ſorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous ſtore at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand. [6]
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into ſoul, receives a ſecond birth;

Feels thy dread pow'r another heart afford,
Whoſe paſſion-touch'd harmonious ſtrings accord
True as the circling ſpheres to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

"Bright as the pillar roſe at Heav'n's command,
When Iſrael march'd along the deſert land,
Blaz'd through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-ſetting ſtar:
So, heav'nly Genius, in thy courſe divine,
Hope is thy ſtar, her light is ever thine."

Propitious Pow'r! when rankling cares annoy
The ſacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doom'd to Poverty's ſequeſter'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,

Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wiſhes, and their hearts the ſame—
Oh there, prophetic Hope! thy ſmile beſtow,
And chaſe the pangs that worth ſhould never know—
There, as the parent deals his ſcanty ſtore
To friendleſs babes, and weeps to give no more;
Tell that his manly race ſhall yet aſſuage
Their father's wrongs, and ſhield his later age.
What though for him no Hybla ſweets diſtil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when ſilent years have paſs'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his treſſes gray,
Theſe buſy hands a lovelier cot ſhall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field;
And call from Heav'n propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath:

Burney, del. Heath, sculp.

Lo, at the couch where infant beauty sleeps.
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps.

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Tell, that while Love's ſpontaneous ſmile endears
The days of peace, the ſabbath of his years,
Health ſhall prolong to many a feſtive hour
The ſocial pleaſures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty ſleeps,
Her ſilent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconſcious lies,
Smiles on her ſlumb'ring child with penſive eyes,
And weaves a ſong of melancholy joy—
" Sleep, image of thy father, ſleep, my boy:
No ling'ring hour of ſorrow ſhall be thine;
No ſigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly ſire, the ſon ſhall be
In form and ſoul; but, ah! more bleſt than he!

Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at laſt,
Shall ſoothe his aching heart for all the paſt—
With many a ſmile my ſolitude repay,
And chaſe the world's ungenerous ſcorn away.

"And ſay, when ſummon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree;
Wilt *thou*, ſweet mourner! at my ſtone appear,
And ſoothe my parted ſpirit ling'ring near?
Oh, wilt thou come! at ev'ning hour, to ſhed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muſe on the laſt farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep ſigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So ſpeaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a ſmile of love,
Or cons his murm'ring taſk beneath her care,
Or liſps with holy look his ev'ning prayer,
Or gazing, mutely penſive, ſits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artleſs tear, and every ſmile!
How glows the joyous parent to deſcry
A guileleſs boſom, true to ſympathy!

Where is the troubled heart conſign'd to ſhare
Tumultuous toils, or ſolitary care,
Unbleſt by viſionary thoughts that ſtray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-ey'd tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long loſt friend, or hapleſs child reſtor'd,
Smile at his blazing hearth and ſocial board:
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reaſon! nor deſtroy
The ſhadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous ſlumber on his midnight hour.

Hark! the wild maniac ſings to chide the gale
That wafts ſo ſlow her lover's diſtant ſail;
She, ſad ſpectatreſs, on the wint'ry ſhore
Watch'd the rude ſurge his ſhroudleſs corſe that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, ſhrieking in amaze,
Claſp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:
Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there ſhe wept in vain
Till memory fled her agonizing brain;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the ſenſe of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er beſtow:—
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimleſs Hope delights her darkeſt dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight ſky,
And the lone ſea-bird wakes its wildeſt cry,

Pil'd on the ſteep her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And ſtill ſhe waits, but ſcarce forbears to weep
That conſtant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whoſe wand'rings never knew
The world's regard, that ſoothes, though half untrue,
Whoſe erring heart the laſh of ſorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendleſs man, at whoſe dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and paſſes by;
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Ev'n he, at evening, ſhould he chance to ſtray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-ſcented way,

Leans o'er its humble gate, & thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,
Health in the breeze, & shelter in the storm.

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Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are ſeen
The bloſſom'd bean-field, and the ſloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me ſome home like this would ſmile,
Some hamlet ſhade, to yield my ſickly form
Health in the breeze, and ſhelter in the ſtorm;
There ſhould my hand no ſtinted boon aſſign
To wretched hearts with ſorrows ſuch as mine;—
That generous wiſh can ſoothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

Hope! when I mourn, with ſympathiſing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy bliſsful omens bid my ſpirit ſee
The boundleſs fields of rapture yet to be;

I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the paſt of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the ſpacious world from clime to clime:
Thy handmaid arts ſhall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every ſhore.
On Erie's banks, where tygers ſteal along,
And the dread Indian chants a diſmal ſong,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murd'rous tomahawk;
There ſhall the flocks on thymy paſture ſtray,
And ſhepherds dance at Summer's op'ning day;
Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
Shall ſtart to view the glittering haunts of men;

And ſilence watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew, as it tolls profound.

In Lybian groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the ſun,
Truth ſhall arreſt the murd'rous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies [7]—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet ſhall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coaſt to Sibir's dreary mines, [8]
Truth ſhall pervade th' unfathom'd darkneſs there,
And light the dreadful features of deſpair:
Hark! the ſtern captive ſpurns his heavy load,
And aſks the image back that Heaven beſtow'd!

Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the ſlave departs, the man returns!

Oh! ſacred Truth! thy triumph ceas'd a while,
And Hope, thy ſiſter, ceas'd with thee to ſmile,
When leagu'd Oppreſſion pour'd to Northern wars
Her whiſker'd pandoors and her fierce huſſars,
Wav'd her dread ſtandard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Preſaging wrath to Poland—and to man! [9]

Warſaw's laſt champion, from her height ſurvey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waſte of ruin laid,—
Oh! Heaven! he cry'd, my bleeding country ſave!
Is there no hand on high to ſhield the brave?

Yet, though deſtruction ſweep theſe lovely plains,
Riſe, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the ſword on high,
And ſwear for her to live!—with her to die!

He ſaid, and, on the rampart-heights, array'd
His truſty warriors, few, but undiſmay'd;
Firm-pac'd and ſlow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the ſtorm;
Low, murm'ring ſounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocſin toll'd their laſt alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—

Oh! bloodieſt picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropt from her nerveleſs graſp the ſhatter'd ſpear,
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career!—
Hope, for a ſeaſon, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom ſhriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The ſun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder ſhook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dy'd waters murm'ring far below;—
The ſtorm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Burſts the wild cry of horror and diſmay

Hark! as the ſmouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thouſand ſhrieks for hopeleſs mercy call!
Earth ſhook—red meteors flaſh'd along the ſky,
And conſcious Nature ſhudder'd at the cry!

Oh! Righteous Heav'n! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why ſlept the ſword, omnipotent to ſave?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That ſmote the foes of Zion and of God,
That cruſh'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the ſtorm that ſlumber'd till the hoſt
Of blood-ſtain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coaſt,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heav'd an ocean on their march below?

Departed ſpirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! reſtore your ſwords to man,
Fight in his ſacred cauſe, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puiſſant as your own!—
Oh! once again to Freedom's cauſe return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! ſhall ſee
That man hath yet a ſoul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy ſaddening plains,
The ſtarleſs night of deſolation reigns;
Truth ſhall reſtore the light by Nature giv'n,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!

Prone to the duſt oppreſſion ſhall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the riſing morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—becauſe your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wiſh the ſong of Hope untrue;
Perhaps your little hands preſume to ſpan
The march of Genius, and the pow'rs of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd ſhrine,
Her victims, newly ſlain, and thus divine:—
"Here ſhall thy triumph, Genius, ceaſe, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, cloſe your ſhort career."

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied ſpring:

What! can ye lull the winged winds aſleep,
Arreſt the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No:—the wild wave contemns your ſcepter'd hand;—
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter ſoul allow?
Still muſt thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants ceaſe but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, ſacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato liv'd—or Sydney died!

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied viſion, can admire
The ſword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!

Wrapt in hiſtoric ardour, who adore
Each claſſic haunt, and well-remember'd ſhore,
Where Valour tun'd, amid her choſen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan ſong;
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's boſom ſwell,
And fate and freedom in the ſhaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?
No more ſhall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And ſternly ſmile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when ſuffering Freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell diſcloſe, through peril and alarm,
The might that ſlumbers in a peaſant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cauſe for ever ſtrong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's ſong,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconſcious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may truſt,
That ſlumber yet in uncreated duſt,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring ſons of earth
With every charm of wiſdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakſpeare's name below!

And ſay, ſupernal Powers! who deeply ſcan
Heav'n's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,

When ſhall the world call down, to cleanſe her ſhame,
That embryo ſpirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whoſe avenging hands
Shall burſt the Lybian's adamantine bands?
Who, ſternly marking on his native ſoil,
The blood, the tears, the anguiſh, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to ſee
Peace to the ſlave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
Trade, wealth, and faſhion, aſk you ſtill to bleed,
And holy men give ſcripture for the deed;
Scourg'd and debas'd, no Briton ſtoops to ſave
A wretch, a coward; yes, becauſe a ſlave!—

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling land,
When life ſprung ſtartling at thy plaſtic call,
Endleſs her forms, and Man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inſpir'd by thee
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the ſlave of man to toil,
Yok'd with the brutes, and fetter'd to the ſoil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No!—Nature ſtamp'd us in a heav'nly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankleſs labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the ſcourge!
No homeleſs Lybian, on the ſtormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!

Lo! once in triumph on his boundleſs plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo lov'd to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native ſky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scour'd with wild feet his ſun-illumin'd zone,
The ſpear, the lion, and the woods his own;
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artleſs ſavage, but a fearleſs man!

The plunderer came:—alas! no glory ſmiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian iſles;
For ever fallen! no ſon of Nature now,
With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow!
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And, when the ſea-wind wafts the dewleſs day,

Starts, with a burſting heart, for evermore
To curſe the ſun that lights their guilty ſhore!

The ſhrill horn blew [40]; at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a laſt farewell!
That funeral dirge to darkneſs hath reſign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whiſpering low
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe!
Friendleſs thy heart; and, canſt thou harbour there
A wiſh but death—a paſſion but deſpair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!
So falls the heart at Thraldrom's bitter ſigh!
So Virtue dies, the ſpouſe of Liberty!

But not to Lybia's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's ſigh!—
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the ſun!
How long your tribes have trembled, and obey'd?
How long was Timur's iron ſceptre ſway'd!
Whoſe marſhall'd hoſts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Rag'd o'er your plunder'd ſhrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory ſcymitar,—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bath'd in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal ſpirit tame,
When Brama's children periſh'd for his name;

The martyr ſmil'd beneath avenging pow'r,
And brav'd the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe ſought your ſubject realms to gain,
And ſtretch'd her giant ſceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks their winding way to ſhape,
And brav'd the ſtormy ſpirit of the Cape; [12]
Children of Brama! then was mercy nigh
To waſh the ſtain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace deſcend, to triumph and to ſave,
When freeborn Britons croſs'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurſe of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder pil'd from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate Trade! thy minions could deſpiſe
The heart-born anguiſh of a thouſand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming ſtore,
While famiſh'd nations died along the ſhore; [13]
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curſe of kingdoms peopled with deſpair;
Could ſtamp diſgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal ſhame!

But, hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heav'nly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian ſpirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the ſhell,

And ſolemn ſounds, that awe the liſt'ning mind,
Roll on the azure paths of ev'ry wind.

" Foes of mankind! (her guardian ſpirits ſay),
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heav'n's unerring arm ſhall fall on you,
And blood for blood theſe Indian plains bedew;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful preſence o'er the alarmed world;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulſive trembled as the Mighty came;
Nine times hath ſuffering Mercy ſpar'd in vain—[14]
But Heav'n ſhall burſt her ſtarry gates again!
He comes! dread Brama ſhakes the ſunleſs ſky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high!

Heaven's fiery horſe, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the ſtorm!
Wide waves his flickering ſword, his bright arms glow
Like ſummer ſuns, and light the world below!
Earth, and her trembling iſles in Ocean's bed
Are ſhook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

To pour redreſs on India's injur'd realm,
The oppreſſor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chaſe deſtruction from her plunder'd ſhore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heav'n's command
Shall Seriſwattee [15] wave her hallowed wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganeſa ſublime,
Shall bleſs with joy their own propitious clime!—

Come, Heav'nly Powers! primeval peace reſtore!
Love!—Mercy!—Wiſdom!—rule for evermore!

END OF PART FIRST.

THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE;

PART SECOND.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

Apostrophe to the power of Love.—Its intimate connection with generous and ſocial Senſibility.—Alluſion to that beautiful paſſage in the beginning of the Book of Geneſis, which repreſents the happineſs of Paradiſe itſelf incomplete, till Love was ſuperadded to its other bleſſings.—The dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cheriſh, when Hope is animated by refined attachment.—This diſpoſition to combine in one imaginary ſcene of reſidence, all that is pleaſing in our eſtimate of happineſs, compared to the ſkill of the great artiſt, who perſonified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an aſſemblage of the moſt beautiful features he could find.—A ſummer and winter evening deſcribed, as they may be ſuppoſed to ariſe in the mind of one who wiſhes, with enthuſiaſm, for the union of friendſhip and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inſeparable agents.—Even in thoſe contemplative moments, when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impreſſion, that we ſhall ſome day have a wider and diſtinct proſpect of the univerſe, inſtead of the partial glimpſe we now enjoy.

The laſt and moſt ſublime influence of Hope, is the concluding topic of the Poem.—The predominance of a belief in a future ſtate, over the terrors attendant on diſſolution.—The baneful influence of that ſceptical philoſophy, which bars us from ſuch comforts.—Alluſion to the fate of a ſuicide.—Epiſode of Conrad and Ellenore.—Concluſion.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

In joyous youth, what ſoul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taſte, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paus'd, while Beauty's penſive eye
Aſk'd from his heart the homage of a ſigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-ſmitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;

There be, whoſe loveleſs wiſdom never fail'd,
In ſelf-adoring pride ſecurely mail'd;—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy conſecrates the ſcene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmov'd, to ſever and to meet;
No pledge is ſacred, and no home is ſweet!

Who that would aſk a heart to dulneſs wed,
The waveleſs calm, the ſlumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliſs of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and ſorrow fan the fire of joy!
And ſay, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,

Without the ſmile from partial beauty won,
O! what were man?—a world without a ſun!

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's roſy bower!
In vain the viewleſs ſeraph ling'ring there,
At ſtarry midnight, charm'd the ſilent air;
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the ſteep,
To hail the ſun, ſlow-wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to ſoothe the ſolitary ſhade,
Aerial notes in mingling meaſure play'd;
The ſummer wind that ſhook the ſpangled tree,
The whiſpering wave, the murmur of the bee—
Still ſlowly paſs'd the melancholy day,
And ſtill the ſtranger wiſt not where to ſtray,—

The world was ſad!—the garden was a wild!
And Man, the hermit, ſigh'd—till Woman ſmil'd!

True! the ſad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguiſh on his fiery wing!
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthleſs lot, or pitileſs command;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The ſmile of triumph, or the frown of ſcorn;
While Memory watches o'er the ſad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
Peace may depart—and life and nature ſeem
A barren path—a wildneſs and a dream!

But, can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,

On heartleſs cares that ſquander life away,
And cloud young Genius bright'ning into day!—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle ſhade!—
If Hope's creative ſpirit cannot raiſe
One trophy ſacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy ſhrine
Of hopeleſs love to murmur and repine!
But, ſhould a ſigh of milder mood expreſs
Thy heart-warm wiſhes, true to happineſs,
Should Heav'n's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her bliſsful viſions on thy penſive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictur'd page,
No fears but ſuch as fancy can aſſuage:
Though thy wild heart ſome hapleſs hour may miſs
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliſs,

(For love purſues an ever devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace);
Yet ſtill may Hope her taliſman employ
To ſnatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart,
That burn the brighteſt in the pureſt heart!

When firſt the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian ſhade,
The happy maſter mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece;
To faultleſs Nature true, he ſtole a grace
From every finer form and ſweeter face;
And, as he ſojourn'd on the Ægean iſles,
Woo'd all their love, and treaſur'd all their ſmiles;

Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious and refin'd,
And mortal charms ſeem'd heav'nly when combin'd!
Love on the picture ſmil'd! Expreſſion pour'd
Her mingling ſpirit there—and Greece ador'd!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans
The treaſur'd pictures of a thouſand ſcenes!
Thy pencil traces on the Lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where Love and Lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace emboſom'd in Idalian bow'rs!
Remote from buſy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart ſhall Taſte and Beauty ſway!
Free on the ſunny ſlope, or winding ſhore,
With hermit ſteps to wander and adore!

There ſhall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like penſive Beauty ſmiling in her tears,
To watch the bright'ning roſes of the ſky,
And muſe on Nature with a poet's eye!—
And when the ſun's laſt ſplendour lights the deep,
The woods, and waves, and murm'ring winds aſleep;
When fairy harps th' Heſperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo ſighs along the vale,
His path ſhall be where ſtreamy mountains ſwell
Their ſhadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and foreſts intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his raviſh'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around!

The moon is up—the watch-tow'r dimly burns—
And down the vale his ſober ſtep returns;
But pauſes oft, as winding rocks convey
The ſtill ſweet fall of Muſic far away;
And oft he lingers from his home a while
To watch the dying notes!—and ſtart, and ſmile!

Let Winter come! Let polar ſpirits ſweep
The dark'ning world, and tempeſt-troubled deep!
Though boundleſs ſnows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim ſun ſcarce wanders through the ſtorm;
Yet ſhall the ſmile of ſocial love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its ſhort and ſullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters ſlumb'ring on the ſhore,

How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall!

How bleſt he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by Nature mark'd his own;
And, in the waveleſs mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleaſure left behind,
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began!
Since firſt he call'd her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his ruſtic dome,
And light the wint'ry paradiſe of home;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As ſweep the ſhot-ſtars down the troubled ſky,

While fiery hoſts in Heav'n's wide circle play,
And bathe in livid light the milky way,
Safe from the ſtorm, the meteor, and the ſhower,
Some pleaſing page ſhall charm the ſolemn hour—
With pathos ſhall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguiſh, or a ſmile—
Thy woes, Arion! and thy ſimple tale, [2]
O'er all the heart ſhall triumph and prevail:
Charm'd as they read the verſe too ſadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heav'd all their guns, their foundering bark to ſave,
And toil'd—and ſhriek'd—and periſh'd on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's ſteep,
The ſeaman's cry was heard along the deep;

There, on his funeral waters dark and wild,
The dying father bleſt his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, ſhield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the pray'r his burſting heart, and died!

Or will they learn how generous worth ſublimes
The robber Moor, [3] and pleads for all his crimes!
How poor Amelia kiſs'd, with many a tear
His hand blood-ſtain'd, but ever ever dear!
Hung on the tortur'd boſom of her lord,
And wept, and pray'd perdition from his ſword!
Nor ſought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry
The ſtrings of nature crack'd with agony!
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burſt the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that ſmite with ſteel,
The ſhuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—
Turn to the gentler melodies that ſuit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;
Or, down the ſtream of Truth's hiſtoric page,
From clime to clime deſcend, from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker ſcenes obtrude
Than Fancy faſhions in her wildeſt mood;
There ſhall he pauſe, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæſar might be great! [4]
Or learn the fate that bleeding thouſands bore, [5]
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's ſwampy ſhore,
Faint in his wounds, and ſhivering in the blaſt,
The Swediſh ſoldier ſunk—and groan'd his laſt!

File after file, the ſtormy ſhowers benumb,
Freeze every ſtandard-ſheet, and huſh the drum!
Horſemen and horſe confeſs'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!
Yet, ere he ſunk in nature's laſt repoſe,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and clos'd it with a ſigh!
Imperial Pride look'd ſullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor ſhudder'd at the ſight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy viſions of the day!

In yonder penſile orb, and every ſphere
That gems the ſtarry girdle of the year;
In thoſe unmeaſur'd worlds ſhe bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whoſe names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet ſhall learn, and wonder as we know;
For, as Iona's Saint, a giant form, [6]
Thron'd on her tow'rs, converſing with the ſtorm,
(When o'er each runic altar, weed-entwin'd,
The veſper clock tolls mournful to the wind),
Counts every wave-worn iſle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's ſhore;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This periſhable duſt hath left behind,
Thy ſeraph eye ſhall count the ſtarry train,
Like diſtant iſles emboſom'd in the main;

Rapt to the ſhrine where motion firſt began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The Throne of God,—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wiſe, the moral Muſe hath ſung
That ſuaſive Hope hath but a Syren tongue!
True; ſhe may ſport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the ſolace of its laſt decay,
The guileleſs heart her happy manſion ſpurn,
And part like Ajut [7]—never to return!

But yet, methinks, when Wiſdom ſhall aſſuage
The griefs and paſſions of our greener age,
Though dull the cloſe of life, and far away
Each flow'r that hail'd the dawning of the day;

Yet o'er her lovely hopes that once were dear,
The time-taught ſpirit, penſive, not ſevere,
With milder griefs her aged eye ſhall fill,
And weep their falſehood, though ſhe love them ſtill!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconcil'd,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!
Muſing on days when yet the guiltleſs boy
Smil'd on his ſire, and fill'd his heart with joy!
My Abſalom! the voice of Nature cried!
Oh! that for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and raſhly done,
That ſlew my Abſalom!—my ſon!—my ſon!

Unfading Hope! when life's laſt embers burn,
When ſoul to ſoul, and duſt to duſt return!

Heav'n to thy charge reſigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each ſpark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and cloſing eye!
Bright to the ſoul thy ſeraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the Phœnix ſpirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repoſe,
The dawn of bliſs, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting ſpirit ſigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Myſterious worlds, untravell'd by the ſun!
Where Time's far-wand'ring tide has never run,

From your unfathom'd ſhades, and viewleſs ſpheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heav'n's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled truſt,
The ſhock that hurls her fabric to the duſt;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliſs,
And ſhrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyſs!

Daughter of Faith, awake, ariſe, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt, and diſpel, ye ſpectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkneſs on the parting ſoul!

Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of diſmay,
Chas'd on his night-ſteed by the ſtar of day!
The ſtrife is o'er—the pangs of Nature cloſe,
And life's laſt rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the ſpirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heav'n undazzled by the blaze,
On Heav'nly winds that waft her to the ſky,
Float the ſweet tones of ſtar-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem ſent to hail
Bethlehem's ſhepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan huſh'd his waves, and midnight ſtill
Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill!

Soul of the juſt! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?

Back to its heav'nly ſource thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he roſe;
Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driv'n,
With ſounds that ſhook the firmament of Heav'n,
Careers the fiery giant, faſt and far,
On bick'ring wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He viſits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, when his courſe is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the ſun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;

And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her ſource, the boſom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heav'n! beneath thy dread expanſe,
One hopeleſs, dark Idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleaſures unrefin'd,
The lukewarm paſſions of a lowly mind;
Who, mould'ring earthward, 'reft of every truſt,
In joyleſs union wedded to the duſt,
Could all his parting energy diſmiſs,
And call this barren world ſufficient bliſs?—
There live, alas! of Heav'n-directed mien,
Of cultur'd ſoul, and ſapient eye ſerene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouſe of the worm, and brother of the clay!

Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Duſt in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendleſs ſlave, a child without a ſire,
Whoſe mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the ſtorm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flaſh is o'er,
To Night and Silence ſink for evermore!—

Are theſe the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and dêmi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applauſe,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cauſe?
For this hath Science ſearch'd, on weary wing,
By ſhore and ſea—each mute and living thing?

Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the ſteep,
To worlds unknown, and iſles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driv'n,
And wheel'd in triumph through the ſigns of Heav'n?
Oh! ſtar-ey'd Science, haſt thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the meſſage of deſpair?
Then bind the palm, thy ſage's brow to ſuit,
Of blaſted leaf, and death-diſtilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nurs'd, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not ſo foul, ſo tainted, and ſo dread,
As waves the night-ſhade round the ſceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I ſmile on death, if Heav'n-ward Hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of nature's ſtrife
Be all the faithleſs charter of my life,

If Chance awak'd, inexorable pow'r!
This frail and fev'riſh being of an hour,
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious ſcene to ſweep,
Swift as the tempeſt travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting ſmile,
And toil, and wiſh, and weep, a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulſe, and viſionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom;
And ſink, ye ſtars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely, ſince the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy ſlumber ſtart
Repoſing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told;

Let Wiſdom ſmile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treaſure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, ſad as angels for the good man's ſin,
Weep to record, and bluſh to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Diſmay,
Pauſe at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay,
Down by the wilds of yon deſerted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There, as the homeleſs madman ſits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a ſpirit moan!
And there, they ſay, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.

Poor, loſt Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heav'n—as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mould was caſt,
And all thy deeds were blameleſs, but the laſt.
Poor, loſt Alonzo! ſtill I ſeem to hear
The clod that ſtruck thy hollow-ſounding bier!
When Friendſhip paid, in ſpeechleſs ſorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!

Ceaſe, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave—the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliſs have been,
Like angel-viſits, few, and far between!
Her muſing mood ſhall every pang appeaſe,
And charm—when pleaſures loſe the power to pleaſe!

Yes! let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee;
Cloſe not the light of Fortune's ſtormy ſea—
Mirth, Muſic, Friendſhip, Love's propitious ſmile,
Chaſe every care, and charm a little while,
Ecſtatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her ſtrings are harmoniz'd to Joy!—
But why ſo ſhort is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's ſweeteſt flow'r?
Why can no hymned charm of muſic heal
The ſleepleſs woes impaſſion'd ſpirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the ſad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the ſapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wiſdom's worldly ſchool,

Have pow'r to ſoothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When ſtepdame Nature every bliſs recals,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the deſert falls;
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd ſire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought beſtow
To Friendſhip, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter ſoothes the laſt adieu,—
Souls of impaſſion'd mould, ſhe ſpeaks to you!
Weep not, ſhe ſays, at Nature's tranſient pain,
Congenial ſpirits part to meet again!—

What plaintive ſobs thy filial ſpirit drew,
What ſorrow chok'd thy long and laſt adieu,

Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doom'd the long iſles of Sydney Cove to ſee,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee.
Thrice the ſad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bleſs thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his ſullen doom,
As burſts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lur'd his dim eye to deathleſs hopes ſublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus, (he cried) young Ellenore,
My boſom bleeds, but ſoon ſhall bleed no more!
Short ſhall this half-extinguiſh'd ſpirit burn,
And ſoon theſe limbs to kindred duſt return!

But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature ſhall expire;
Theſe ſhall reſiſt the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have paſs'd away;
Cold in the duſt this periſh'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once ſhall never die!
That ſpark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the ſame,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkneſs—unaſſuag'd by tears!

"Yet, on the barren ſhore and ſtormy deep
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And preſs th' uneaſy couch where none attend,

This laſt embrace, ſtill cheriſh'd in my heart,
Shall calm the ſtruggling ſpirit ere it part!
Thy darling form ſhall ſeem to hover nigh,
And huſh the groan of life's laſt agony!

"Farewell! when ſtrangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameleſs ſtone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the deſert pil'd;
And when the dream of troubled fancy ſees
Its lonely rank-graſs waving in the breeze;
Who then will ſoothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpleſs Ellenore?
Shall ſecret ſcenes thy filial ſorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?

Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the ſhades of ſolitude!
O'er friendleſs grief compaſſion ſhall awake,
And ſmile on Innocence, for Mercy's ſake!"

Inſpiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeleſs, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathleſs ſpirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the laſt farewell;
If fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory ſacred to the heart?
Why does the Brother of my childhood ſeem
Reſtor'd a while in every pleaſing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely ſpot to view,
By artleſs friendſhip bleſt when life was new?

Eternal Hope! when yonder ſpheres ſublime
Peal'd their firſt notes to ſound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the ſiſter planets have decay'd;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heav'n's laſt thunder ſhakes the world below;
Thou, undiſmay'd, ſhalt o'er the ruin ſmile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

END OF PART SECOND.

NOTES ON PART I.

Note 1. And ſuch thy ſtrength-inſpiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native ſhore.

The following picture of his own diſtreſs, given by Byron in his ſimple and intereſting narrative, juſtifies the deſcription in p. 10. After relating the barbarity of the Indian Cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after, we put to ſea again, and croſſed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of, when we firſt hawled away to the weſtward. The land here

was very low and ſandy, and ſomething like the mouth of a river which diſcharged itſelf into the ſea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was ſo ſhallow that the Indians were obliged to take every thing out of their canoes, and carry it over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran firſt to the eaſtward and then to the northward: here it became much narrower, and the ſtream exceſſively rapid, ſo that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a moſt uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect ſwamp; and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained exceſſively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams; ſo that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and

ſhelter themſelves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themſelves with ſome ſeal; but we had not a morſel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a ſort of root we ſaw the Indians make uſe of, which was very diſagreeable to the taſte. We laboured all next day againſt the ſtream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for ſuſtenance. We paſſed this night as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we ſuffered at this time is not eaſy to be expreſſed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nouriſhment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no ſhirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes conſiſted of a ſhort grieko (ſomething like a bear-ſkin), a piece of red

cloth which had once been a waiſtcoat, and a ragged pair of trowſers, without ſhoes or ſtockings."

Note 2. A Briton and a friend.] Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch phyſician in one of the Spaniſh ſettlements, hoſpitably relieved Byron and his wretched aſſociates, of which the Commodore ſpeaks in the warmeſt terms of gratitude.

Note 3. Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another ſtring.

The ſeven ſtrings of Apollo's harp were the ſymbolical repreſentation of the ſeven planets. Herſchel, by diſcovering an eighth, might be ſaid to add another ſtring to the inſtrument.

Note 4. The Swediſh ſage.] Linnæus.

Note 5. Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.

Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers: it is met with more than once in the Chœphoræ of Æſchylus.

Note 6. Unlocks a generous ſtore at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.

See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

Note 7. Wild Obi flies.] Among the negroes of the Weſt Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with diſmal calamities. Such a belief muſt undoubtedly have been deduced from the ſuperſtitious my-

thology of their kinſmen on the coaſt of Africa. I have therefore perſonified Obi as the evil ſpirit of the African, although the hiſtory of the African tribes mentions the evil ſpirits of their religious creed by a different appellation.

Note 8. Sibir's dreary mines.] Mr. Bell of Antermony, in his Travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is univerſally pronounced Sibir by the Ruſſians.

Note 9. Preſaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

The hiſtory of the partition of Poland, of the maſſacre in the ſuburbs of Warſaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Poliſh capital, and the inſult offered to human nature, by the blaſ-

phemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the ſacred cauſe of liberty, by murderers and oppreſſors, are events generally known.

Note 10. The ſhrill horn blew.] The negroes in the Weſt Indies are ſummoned to their morning work by a ſhell or a horn.

Note 11. How long was Timur's iron ſceptre ſway'd?

To elucidate this paſſage, I ſhall ſubjoin a quotation from the preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity.

"The impoſtor of Mecca had eſtabliſhed, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by perſuaſion, or the ſword, to all parts of the earth. How ſteadily this injunction was adhered to by

his followers, and with what ſucceſs it was purſued, is well known to all who are in the leaſt converſant in hiſtory.

"The ſame overwhelming torrent, which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burſt its way into the very heart of Europe, and covered many kingdoms of Aſia with unbounded deſolation, directed its baleful courſe to the flouriſhing provinces of Hindoſtan. Here theſe fierce and hardy adventurers, whoſe only improvement had been in the ſcience of deſtruction, who added the fury of fanaticiſm to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conqueſts oppoſed, by objects which neither the ardour of their perſevering zeal, nor ſavage barbarity, could ſurmount. Multitudes were ſacrificed by the cruel hand of religious perſecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the de-

ſtruction of a part, the remainder might be perſuaded, or terrified into the profeſſion of Mahomediſm: but all theſe ſanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced, that though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert any number of the Hindoos, they relinquiſhed the impracticable idea, with which they had entered upon their career of conqueſt, and contented themſelves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almoſt univerſal empire of Hindoſtan."

Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.

NOTE 12. And brav'd the ſtormy ſpirit of the Cape.

See the deſcription of the Cape of Good Hope, tranſlated from Camoens, by Mickle.

Note 13. While famiſh'd nations died along the ſhore.

The following account of Britiſh conduct, and its conſequences, in Bengal, will afford a ſufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this paſſage. After deſcribing the monopoly of ſalt, betel nut, and tobacco, the hiſtorian proceeds thus: "Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirſt of thoſe who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, ſuch as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little ſalt, but could not want food. Some of the agents ſaw themſelves well ſituated for collecting the rice into ſtores; they did ſo. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating fleſh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants ſunk; —they that cultivated the land, and ſaw the harveſt at the diſpoſal of others, planted in doubt; ſcarcity enſued.

Then the monopoly was eaſier managed—ſickneſs enſued. In ſome diſtricts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied."

Short Hiſtory of the Engliſh Tranſactions in the Eaſt Indies, page 145.

Note 14. Nine times hath Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful preſence o'er the proſtrate world!

Among the ſublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has deſcended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time in the figure of a warrior upon a white horſe, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word uſed to expreſs his deſcent.

Note 15. And Camdeo bright, and Ganeſa ſublime.

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganeſa and Seriſwattee correſpond to the Pagan deities, Janus and Minerva.

NOTES ON PART II.

Note 1. The noon of manhood to a myrtle ſhade!

Sacred to Venus is the myrtle ſhade.

Dryden.

Note 2. Thy woes, Arion!] Falconer, in his poem, The Shipwreck, ſpeaks of himſelf by the name of Arion.

See Falconer's Shipwreck, Canto III.

Note 3. The Robber Moor.

See Schiller's tragedy of the Robbers, Scene V.

Note 4. What millions died that Cæſar might be great.

The carnage occaſioned by the wars of Julius Cæſar has been uſually eſtimated at two millions of men.

Note 5. Or learn the fate that bleeding thouſands bore
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's ſwampy ſhore.

In this extremity (ſays the Biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, ſpeaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa), the memorable winter of 1709, which was ſtill more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, deſtroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles reſolved to brave the ſeaſons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of theſe marches that two thouſand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.

Note 6. As on Iona's height.

The natives of the iſland of St. Iona have an opinion, that, on certain evenings every year, the tutelary St. Columba is ſeen on the top of the church ſpires counting the ſurrounding iſlands, to ſee that they have not been ſunk by the power of witchcraft.

Note 7. And part, like Ajut, never to return!

See the hiſtory of Ajut and Anningait in the Rambler.

SPECIMENS

OF

TRANSLATION FROM MEDEA.

SPECIMENS

OF

TRANSLATION FROM MEDEA.

Σκαιως δε λεγων, κουδεν τι σοφως
Τις προσθε βροτως αν αμαρτοις.

Medea, v. 194. p. 33. Glasg. Edit.

TELL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
First charm'd the ear of youthful Time
With numbers wrapt in heav'nly fire,
Who bade delighted echo swell

The trembling tranſports of the lyre,
The murmur of the ſhell,—
Why to the burſt of Joy alone
Accords ſweet Muſic's ſoothing tone?
Why can no bard, with magic ſtrain,
In ſlumbers ſteep the heart of pain?
While varied tones obey your ſweep,
The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,
Bends not deſpairing Grief to hear
Your golden lute, with raviſh'd ear?
Oh! has your ſweeteſt ſhell no power to bind
The fiercer pangs that ſhake the mind,
And lull the wrath, at whoſe command
Murder bares her gory hand?
When fluſh'd with joy, the roſy throng
Weave the light dance, ye ſwell the ſong!

Ceaſe, ye vain warblers! ceaſe to charm
The breaſt with other raptures warm!
Ceaſe! till your hand with magic ſtrain
In ſlumbers ſteep the heart of pain!

SPEECH of the CHORUS *in the ſame Tragedy, to diſſuade Medea from her purpoſe of putting her Children to death, and flying for protection to Athens.*

O HAGGARD queen! to Athens doſt thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, ſteep'd in kindred gore;
Or ſeek to hide thy damned parricide
Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore?

The land where Truth, pure, precious, and ſublime,
Woos the deep ſilence of ſequeſter'd bowers,
And warriors, matchleſs ſince the firſt of Time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquer'd towers!

Where joyous youth, to Muſic's mellow ſtrain,
Twines in the dance with Nymphs for ever fair,
While Spring eternal, on the lilied plain,
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air!

The tuneful Nine, ſo ſacred legends tell,
Firſt wak'd their heavenly lyre theſe ſcenes among;
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell;
Still in your vales they ſwell the choral ſong!

For there the tuneful, chaſte, Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnaſſus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Wav'd in bright auburn o'er her poliſh'd brow!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where ſilent vales, and glades of green array,
The murm'ring wreaths of cool Cephiſus lave,
There, as the muſe hath ſung, at noon of day,
The Queen of Beauty bow'd to taſte the wave!

And bleſt the ſtream, and breath'd acroſs the land,
The ſoft ſweet gale that fans yon ſummer bowers;
And there the ſiſter Loves, a ſmiling band,
Crown'd with the fragrant wreaths of roſy flowers!

"And go, (ſhe cries) in yonder valleys rove,
With Beauty's torch the ſolemn ſcenes illume;
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
Breathe on each cheek young Paſſion's tender bloom!

Entwine, with myrtle chains, your ſoft controul,
To ſway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind!
With glowing charms enrapture Wiſdom's ſoul,
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind."

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven's own hallow'd waters play,
Where Friendſhip binds the generous and the good,
Say, ſhall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman! with thy hands embrued

In thine own children's gore?—oh! ere they bleed,
Let Nature's voice thy ruthleſs heart appal!
Pauſe at the bold, irrevocable deed—
The mother ſtrikes—the guiltleſs babes ſhall fall!

Think what remorſe thy maddening thoughts ſhall ſting,
When dying pangs their gentle boſoms tear;
Where ſhalt thou ſink, when ling'ring echoes ring
The ſcreams of horror in thy tortur'd ear?

No! let thy boſom melt to Pity's cry,—
In duſt we kneel—by ſacred Heaven implore—
O! ſtop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,
Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore!—

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how ſhalt thou that barb'rous ſoul aſſume?
Undamp'd by horror at the daring plan,
Haſt thou a heart to work thy children's doom?
Or hands to finiſh what thy wrath began?

When o'er each babe you look a laſt adieu,
And gaze on Innocence that ſmiles aſleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat, to Nature true,
Charm thee to penſive thought—and bid thee weep?

When the young ſuppliants claſp their Parent dear,
Heave the deep ſob, and pour the artleſs prayer,—
Aye! thou ſhalt melt;—and many a heart-ſhed tear
Guſh o'er the harden'd features of deſpair!

Nature ſhall throb in ev'ry tender ſtring,—
Thy trembling heart the ruffian's taſk deny;—
Thy horror-ſmitten hands afar ſhall fling
The blade, undrench'd in blood's eternal dye!

CHORUS.

Hallow'd Earth! with indignation
Mark, oh, mark the murd'rous deed!
Radiant eye of wide Creation
Watch the damned parricide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
Perpetrate the dire design,
And consign to kindred slaughter
Children of thy golden line!

Shall the hand with murther gory
Cause immortal blood to flow?
Sun of Heaven!—array'd in glory!—
Rise,—forbid,—avert the blow!—

In the vales of placid gladneſs
Let no rueful maniac range;
Chaſe afar the fiend of madneſs,
Wreſt the dagger from Revenge!

Say, haſt thou, with kind protection,
Rear'd thy ſmiling race in vain;
Foſt'ring Nature's fond affection,
Tender cares, and pleaſing pain?

Haſt thou, on the troubled ocean,
Brav'd the tempeſt loud and ſtrong,
Where the waves, in wild commotion,
Roar Cyanean rocks among?

Didſt thou roam the paths of danger,
Hymenean joys to prove?
Spare, O ſanguinary ſtranger,
Pledges of thy ſacred love!

Shall not Heaven, with indignation,
Watch thee o'er the barb'rous deed?
Shalt thou cleanſe, with expiation,
Monſtrous, murd'rous, parricide!

LOVE AND MADNESS;

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN 1795.

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HARK! from the battlements of yonder tower *
The ſolemn bell has toll'd the midnight hour!
Rous'd from drear viſions of diſtemper'd ſleep,
Poor B———k wakes—in ſolitude to weep!

"Ceaſe, Mem'ry, ceaſe (the friendleſs mourner cry'd),
To probe the boſom too ſeverely tried! 6
Oh! ever ceaſe, my penſive thoughts, to ſtray
Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day:

* Warwick Caſtle.

When youthful Hope, the muſic of the mind,
Tun'd all its charms, and E——n was kind!

" Yet, can I ceaſe, while glows this trembling frame,
In ſighs to ſpeak thy melancholy name!
I hear thy ſpirit wail in every ſtorm!
In midnight ſhades I view thy paſſing form!
Pale as in that ſad hour, when doom'd to feel,
Deep in thy perjur'd heart the bloody ſteel!

" Demons of Vengeance! ye at whoſe command
I graſp'd the ſword with more than woman's hand,
Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice controul,
Or horror damp the purpoſe of my ſoul?
No! my wild heart ſat ſmiling o'er the plan,
Till Hate fulfill'd what baffled Love began!

" Yes; let the clay-cold breaſt, that never knew
One tender pang to generous Nature true,
Half-mingling pity with the gall of ſcorn,
Condemn this heart that bled in love forlorn!

" And ye, proud fair, whoſe ſouls no gladneſs warms,
Save Rapture's homage to your conſcious charms!
Delighted idols of a gaudy train!
Ill can your blunter feelings gueſs the pain,
When the fond faithful heart, inſpir'd to prove
Friendſhip refin'd, the calm delight of love,
Feels all its tender ſtrings with anguiſh torn,
And bleeds at perjur'd Pride's inhuman ſcorn!

" Say, then, did pitying Heav'n condemn the deed,
When Vengeance bade thee, faithleſs lover! bleed?

Long had I watch'd thy dark forbodeing brow,
What time thy boſom ſcorn'd its deareſt vow!
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover chang'd,
Still thy cold look was ſcornful and eſtrang'd,
Till from thy pity, love, and ſhelter thrown,
I wander'd, hopeleſs, friendleſs, and alone!

"Oh! righteous Heav'n! 'twas then my tortur'd ſoul
Firſt gave to wrath unlimited controul!
Adieu the ſilent look! the ſtreaming eye!
The murmur'd plaint! the deep heart-heaving ſigh!
Long ſlumb'ring vengeance wakes to better deeds;
He ſhrieks, he falls, the perjur'd Lover bleeds!
Now the laſt laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he ſleeps, to wake no more!

" Tis done! the flame of hate no longer burns;
Nature relents; but, ah! too late returns!
Why does my ſoul this guſh of fondneſs feel?
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty ſteel!
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies;
And ſhades of horror cloſe my languid eyes!—

" Oh! 'twas a deed of Murder's deepeſt grain!
Could B———k's ſoul ſo true to wrath remain?
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell!—
Where Love was foſter'd, could not Pity dwell?

" Unhappy youth! while yon pale creſcent glows
To watch on ſilent Nature's deep repoſe,
Thy ſleepleſs ſpirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and ſummons me to come!

Once more I ſee thy ſheeted ſpectre ſtand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand!

" Soon may this fluttering ſpark of vital flame
Forſake its languid melancholy frame!
Soon may theſe eyes their trembling luſtre cloſe,
Welcome the dreamleſs night of long repoſe!
Soon may this woe-worn ſpirit ſeek the bourne
Where, lull'd to ſlumber, Grief forgets to mourn!"

SONGS.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
O whither, ſhe cried, haſt thou wander'd, my lover;
Or here doſt thou welter, and bleed on the ſhore?

What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that ſigh'd;
All mournful ſhe haſten'd, nor wander'd ſhe far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath ſhe deſcried,
By the light of the moon her poor wounded Huſſar!

From his boſom that heav'd, the laſt torrent was ſtreaming,
And pale was his viſage, deep mark'd with a ſcar;
And dim was that eye, once expreſſively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How ſmit was poor Adelaide's heart at the ſight?
How bitter ſhe wept o'er the victim of war?
Haſt thou come, my fond Love, this laſt ſorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Huſſar?

Thou ſhalt live, ſhe replied, Heav'n's mercy relieving,
Each anguiſhing wound ſhall forbid me to mourn!
Ah, no! the laſt pang in my boſom is heaving!
No light of the morn ſhall to Henry return!

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!

Ye babes of my love that await me afar!—

His faultering tongue ſcarce could murmur adieu,

When he ſunk in her arms—the poor wounded Huſſar!

GILDEROY.

THE laſt, the fatal hour is come
That bears my love from me;
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows tree!

The bell has toll'd; it ſhakes my heart;
The trumpet ſpeaks thy name;
And muſt my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of ſhame!

No boſom trembles for thy doom;
No mourner wipes a tear;

The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The ſledge is all thy bier!

Oh, Gilderoy! bethought we then
So ſoon, ſo ſad, to part,
When firſt in Roſlin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart!

Your locks they glitter'd to the ſheen,
Your hunter garb was trim;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
Theſe limbs in fetters bound;

Or hear, upon thy ſcaffold floor,
The midnight hammer ſound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combin'd
The guiltleſs to purſue;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!

A long adieu! but where ſhall fly
Thy widow all forlorn;
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with ſcorn.

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy:

Alas! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy!

Then will I seek the dreary mound,
That wraps thy mouldering clay;
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away.

THE HARPER.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Iriſh lad was ſo happy as I;
No harp like my own could ſo cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at laſt I was forc'd from my Sheelah to part,
She ſaid (while the ſorrow was big at her heart),
Oh! remember your Sheelah when far far away;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be ſure,
And he conſtantly lov'd me, although I was poor;
When the four-looking folks ſent me heartleſs away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was ſo dark, and the night was ſo cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How ſnugly we ſlept in my old coat of grey,
And he lick'd me for kindneſs—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was ſcant, I remember'd his caſe,
Nor refus'd my laſt cruſt to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a ſad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now ſhall I go, poor, forſaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, ſo faithful and kind?
To my ſweet native village, ſo far far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

THE END.

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